# Belmont Chronicle.

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### Selected Loctry.

(From the N. Y.Tribane, April 4.)

Had luck to the man who is sober to-night!

He's a could hearted sonavour, or sayonet Seceshar,
Whose heart for the Oald Fing has niver been right.

An' who takes in the fame of his continty no pleasure.
Obb. marther! will none o' yez hould me, me dears!
Or his out o' me shain wid delight l'il be jumpin';
Wid me eyes swimmin' round in the happiest isars.

An' the heart in me breasht like a piston-rad thampin'

Mushs, glory to God! for the good news you have sint,
Wid your own purty fisth, Alisther President Linkin!
An may God be around both the bed an' the tint
Where our bully boy Grant does his atm' an' thinkin!
Even Shtanton, to-night, we'll confine he was right,
Whin he played the oaid scratch wid our RAYS-Younie cassion.

An' to gallant "Phil Sherry" we'll dhrink wid delight, On whose bright plume e' fame not a spot of the dark is

Let the chapels be opened, the althars illumed.

An' the mad bells ring out from such turret and thespie;

Let the chancels wid flowers be adorned an' perfamed.

While the Southus—God bless 'em'—give thanks for the people!

For the city is ours that "Mac" sought from the atert.

An' our boys through its streets "Hall Columbia" are yellin'; An' there's Payes in the air, an' there's pride in the heart, An' our Flag has a fame that no tengue can be tellin'!

To the pinci, wid the shoddy-contracters, an' all
Them gold speculators, whose nid is now "humble":
The cost o' heef, praties, an' whisky will fall.
An' what more could we ax—for the rints too will
tumble?

On the boys who survive, fame an' pinsions we'll press.

Every orphan the war's med, a home we'll decree it:

An' sich soldier's young sweetheast shall have a new That will tickle her hayrs, returnin' to see it!

Oh, land o' thrue freedom! oh, land of our love.
Wid your gineraus welcome to all who but seek it;
May your stars shine as lone as the twinklers above.
An' your fame be so grand that no mortial can shpeak it!

All the winds o' the world as around it they blow,
No hanner so glorious can wake into motion;
Bu' wid Payee in our land, you know we may go,
Just to settle some thrillin' accounts o'er the ocean?

So come, me own Elleen! come Nora an' Kate, . Come Michael an' Pat, all your Sunday duda carry; We'll give thacks in the chapel, an' de it in athate, An' we'll pray for the sowise' poor Muriagh an' Larry. Woe's me! in the black swamps before it they shleep But the good God to-night—whose thrue faith they have cherished— His angels will send o'er the red fields a shweep. In sich cawhi ear to besibe,— Not in vain have you

So had luck to the man who is saher to-night! He's a cowld hearted nonration, or saycret Secesher Whose heart for the Oold Fing has niver been right,

An' who takes in the fame of his country no pleasure! Och. marther! will none o' yez hould me, me dears!
For it's out o' me shkin I'm aleard, I'll be jumpin';
Wid me eyes shwimmin' round in the happiest tears,
An' the heart in me breasht like a piston-rod thumpi
New York, April 3, 1965.

## Choice Miscellang.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for March.] At Andersonville.

[Concluded from last week.] You see now how it happened unto His tory of the Stockade Prison to vanish in smoke; for Drake, having neither wood nor the money te buy it, made a fire with his precious boards, and baked Corny's raw meal in a cake, which the poor fellow de-voured with a half starved avidity that made Drake ashamed of the reluctance with which he had offered up his sacrifice. A little corner of his cake Corny left un-

touched, saying-"That's fur the peor crathur over "What poor creature?" asked Drake; but

the thick head of me, to ate up all that illigent history, when I'd heerd the boys takin' on it, by the same token, and bad scran to me! The Lord be good to ye fur yer kindness, Musther Talcott, and make

But the poor creature, Corny." "Thrue for you; and I'm a baste for forgettin' him, and him starvin' the while.—
It's jist Captain Ireland, if ye chance to mind him. He was the illigant officer and the kind-hearted man; and to see him now! If ye'll come away, Musther Talcott, I'm quite dene wid the wakeness, and it's jist

them, limbs stretched out belpiessly, face set and ghastly, hardly a stir among the tatters to assure them that he yet breathed; and Drake recognized with a thrill of horror, though more wan, more woful, more shadow-like, if possible, the man who had so moved his compassion on the night of his his corner cake to the sufferer's mouth, saying. "Ate a bit. Cap'n, dear, thry now;" peor skill.—and if he died, some kindly and then, seeing that the food rested on white and quiet lips,—"Cap'n, dent ye should tell her what he had left unsaid; and

"He is not so happy," said Drake, sav-"He is not so happy," said Drake, sav-tricate, on so minute a scale, must prove to agely; "he has only fainted. He has days dious, argued in its favor; and putting of such torture as this before him. It would mourning meeds for his history, he took to be a marcy to him, and I'm not sure but his new love with a complacency that ex-good religion, to put him outside of the dead line. I wonder why they don't tie us "Sure, and it's a beautiful thing is relito the cannon's mouth at once, Here! you

This last was addressed to a soldier in the rebel gray, who was proceeding leisurely past, but who, on hearing himself so unceremoniously summoned, turned and came slowly towards them.

"Here is a man," said Drake, passionately. "who is dying, not because it pleases God to take him, but because it pleases you

The saldier stared, but, being a phice matic animal, heard him quietly to the end, and opened his jaws to answer with due de-

'If you don't like our rules, you should not have come here, you know. And we haven't any orders about wood; you are to haven't any orders about wood; you are to look out for yourselves. As for the man, if he's sick, why don't you take him to the stocked yonder, where the doctor is examining for admittance to the hospital?—
though I don't see the use; he's toe far gone."

Drake and Corny lifted the poor wasted

Drake and Corny lifted the poor wasted

Taloott says; for it's nixt to iverything that he knows, and thim things that he don't have isn's worth a body's attention."

And the revenge his death, and never to let sword or pistol drop while this cursed rebellion is going on. "Amin!" said Corny, solerably, and "Amen" formed itself on Drake's white lips; but by some curious mantal process his thoughts would wander away from the stiffening body hafore him to a vision of home, and have isn's worth a body's attention."

Drake and Corny lifted the poor wasted Same, that seemed all too frail to hold the

We have enough living ones on 'Och. and that 's no raison, sence it 's aisy to see thim 's the kind you like best." muttered Corny; but Drake silenced him

Keep a civil tengue, Corny. They 're the masters here; and it will only be the worse for poor Ireland, it you anger them. Here's another; we'll try him."
But number Two Sir Imperturbability. and, without even looking towards them, answered, in a hard, even tone, "Our num-ber is filled; you are too late," and, without lifting an eye-lash, went on with his work.

Drake grew white to the lips. The great reins started out on his forehead, and his

fingers worked nervously; but it was Corny's turn to interfere. "Musther Talcott, sure and ye'll not-

lift the Cap'n, aisy now, and we 'll see what the decthor 'll say to him."

For the third time, then, Drake made his appeal in behalf of the poor fellow at his feet. The doctor heard him kindly, but an-swered, as his assistant had done, that their number was full fer the day, and was mov-ing on, when Tatcott caught him by the

"Doctor," he said, sternly, "one of your assistants refuses my comrade because he is a dying man; another tells me, as you have done, that your number is full for the day. Your own eyes can tell you, that if not dying now, he will be before to-morrow, of want and exposure. I know nething of your rules; but I do know that if my comrade's life is to be saved, it is to be saved now, and that you have the means, if means now, and that you have the means, if means there are, for its salvation; and let the awful guilt of the cruelty that brought him here weigh down whose neck it will, as there s a God above us, I do not see hew you can write yourself free of murder, or think your hands clean from blood, if you send him

"Ged ferbid! God forbid!" answered the doctor, shrinking from Drake's vehemence. "You are unjust, young man; it is not my will, but my power to help, that is limited. However he shall not be sent back; we will do what we can for him. if I have to lodge

him in my own house."
"And didn't I tell ye the docther was the And data I I call ye the declar was the kind jontlemen?" cried Corny jeyfully.— "The the hospital is no sich great mather, jist a few tints; but thin he'll be gettin' a bed there, and belike a drap of whisky or a sup of porridge; and if he gits on, it's you he has to thank for it; fur if it hadn't been for your prachement, my sowl, the docthor would have turned him off, too; and long life to you, says Corny Keegan, and may you niver be needin' anybody's tongue to

do the like for you!" Drake made no auswer; after the fever comes the chill, and he was thinking drear-ily of the smouldering "Mistory," and of the intolerable leaden hours stretching out

before him; but it was not in Corny's nature to remain silent.
"Its the ould jontleman wid the scythe that takes us down, afther all, Musther Tal-cott; the hours and hours that we sit mopin, with it, and seemed an instant to threaten wid our fingers as limp as a lady's, and our stomachs clatterin' like an empty can, and sorry a thing to think of but the Corny's eyes were fixed on the pens and thurs that's dead, rest their souls and whin ink, and the sorry remains of his feolscap, — our turn's comin; and it's wishin' I am that a half strip of board.

"Och! murther! Musther Taleott, and was the days of the fairies, and that the wus it thim bits of beard ye's writin on? and ye's burned them fur me, afther all the threuble ye took wid thim? and to think of the think bad of me to a family all the think bad of the family all the thi cut out the old divil Jeff. on the gallews, and give him what he'd git if we iver put our hands on him."

your bed as soft as your heart is, and give from which he drew an old bit of iron. "I I've ate, and"— "A knife," repeated Drake, starting from this you can hang Jeff. and his cabinet in effigy, if you choose, and can find the material to carve.

'Arrah, and that's aisy, wid illigant benes like these, that chips off like marble or wud itself; but I'm misseubtin' I'm robbin, ye. Musther Talcott.'

"I have another," said Drake, producing it; and as he did so, there breathed upon over here beyant that he's lyin' peor jon-tleman, that'll not be leng lyin' anywhere tion of the dim light shining in an eld li-brary down on a broad-leaved volume restrather, a bundle of rags having some faint outlines of humanity, on the ground before just at his shoulder. leading them, limbs stretched out balance before just at his shoulder. just at his shoulder. looking at the cathedral on its page, —of the chance touch of a little hand on his.—of the brush of a perfumed sleeve,-of the fitting color in her cheek, of a subtle magic, interweaving blush, perfume, picture, and thought of Alice. Dainty pinnacle and massive arch d his compassion on the night of his and carved buttress were photographed on Keegan knelt beside him, and put his brain, and arch and pinnacle and but-

hear me? It's Corny, that spoke wid ye a if he lived, he would take it to her himself, while back. Saints be merciful to us, he's and it should serve him for the text of his story. That the carving of a design so in

> gion; and the divil fly away wid me, if I don's be afther gittin it meself! Here's Musther Talcott; if he was fur carving a fort or a big gun, the eyes and face of would be little but scowls and puckers; and there he sits, though it's only the dumb likeness of a church that he's at, by the same token that it's no bigger than me

flickering, struggling breath, and carried it to a small stockade crowded with men desirous to enter the hospital. The first assistant to whem they applied was a nervous percupine, fretted with avarwork, and repulsed them roughly.

"What is the use of bringing a dead man here? We have exposed in the course of the properties of the perceptibly weak and languid; and there are the course of the properties of

It was on one of these days that there arose a sudden stir and commetion throughout the camp, a deep and jeyful hum that went from month to month; and men were seen running hastily from all quarters, the rush setting towards the gate, and drawing in even the sick, who crawled and hobbled along with the stream, at the risk of being trampled upon by the excited throng, struggling and crowding on pellmell. While Drake looked on in surprise, Corny made his appearance, his eyes sparkling with "News, Musther Talcott, dear! an

wuz dyin' here's news to put the strength "Musther Talcott, sure and ye mind what that spalpeen's saying; and say there's five thousand of em; and there a mind what that spalpeen's saying; and a nofficer chap wid a mouth like a thrap, there a the docthor himself beyant, and a countin' em as if he was a machine, for all countin' em as if he was a machine, for all the counting the cou in ver legs. Let hers from home, and they the wurnld, and bad cess to him! wid the poor boys crowdin' and heart famished for only a look at thim ere crumpled things, for it's batthered they is! and he, the spalpeen, wen't let one of 'em touch 'em, and no more feelin' wid him than if he was a gun instead of the son of one; and I'm coek sure I read your name, Musther Taicott, and there's mine too on the back of a letther, and that's from Mary, burra! and Ged bless her! and come, Musther Talcott, fur they'll be dain' out the letthers or iver we git there."

Drake rose at once; but a description of his sensations, as he hastily made his way tewards the throng that surged about the imperturbable official like a sea. is beyond the power of words. The overwhelming surprise and joy of a man who in that evil den had almost forgotten heme and the possibility of hearing from it, and his agonizing uncertainty, could be fathomed only by the poor wretches suffering like him, who anxiously pressed on the rebel officer, and clutched at the letters, and tell back sick with impatience and suspense at his formal delay. At last he opened his grim jaws.— The men listened breathlessly.

"All right. Men, there is tencents post-age due on each letter."

An instant's stunned pause, and then half a dezen voices speaking together:
"Why, man, you must have ten cents on each of these letters before they crossed the lines," and 'How can we pay postage?"
"He knows we have no money;" "What
good will the bits of paper do him at all. at all?" But the man kept on like an au-

tomatom.
"My orders are to collect ten cents en each letter; and I am here to obey orders. not to argue."
Meanwhile those in the rear ranks had

heard indistinctly or not at all, and pressed on those in front to know the meaning of the sudden receil.—for the men had instinctively given back,—and being teld, buzzed it to those behind them; and there began in the crowd a low, deep hum, grawing louder, as muttering rose to curses .growing fiercer, for there is nothing half so savage as despair that has been fooled with and topple over the officer in their midst But it came to nought. The prudent nudged their neighbors. "With the cannon boys, they can rake us on all sides;" and the angrier ones fell apart in little groups, and talked in whispers, and glared menacingly at the guard, but made no further demeastrations. Those who were happy enough to possess the money received their letters: the feebler ones crawled away with tears furrowing their wan cheeks; and the unmoved efficial thrust the remaining letters of father, mother, wife and children of these men into the bags before their long-ing eyes; and even while the miserable men flung themselves before him, and with out-stretched hands tried to held him back, the

gate clanged after him.

Drake, who long age had spent his little heard, had received this terrible blow in entire silence, and turned to go without comment or answer to Corny's vociferations. But eyes were dim or head was reeling; for a few paces on he stumbled and would have fallen over a soldier lying in his path, but for Corny, whe was close behind him, and who at ence assailed the man over whom Drake had tripped, and who still lay quietly, without even a stir or motion of his

"Ye lazy spalpeen ! what the divil are ye stretched there for, to break dacent folk's neck over the length of ye? Stir yerself, or I'll"-Then with a sudden and total change of tone, as he looked more closely into the quiet face, "The saints pity us! it's Cap'n Ireland! and in the name of hiven, how came yer honor here on the—Och! Lord forgive me! Talkin' to adead corpse! Oah! wurra! wurral Musther Talcott, it's dead he is, sure!

kilt this time intirely. You may well say killed," said a soldier who had joined them. If ever a man committed murder, then that man did that kicked him out of the hospital to die." "What is that?" demanded Drake, who had seemed in a part of a stupor, but roused out of it fiercely at the man's last words .--

"Do you know what you are saying?"
"I think I ought," returned the soldiar.
"I was in the hespital at the time; I'm only just out; and I saw it myself. The assistant surgeon stops at his bed, where he laid only just breathing like, and says he, 'What man is this? I've seen him before; and says some one, 'His name is Ireland;' and says the surgeon, like a flush, 'Ireland? Ireland the -th? Do you know what that is? It is a colored regiment, and this Abelition secundrel is the captain of it. I know I had same token that it's no bigger than the thumb, and, by the howly piper, you'd and herd with the rest;' and when some one think the light that flings away from the said he was dying any way, said the surgeon big colored windy down the church was with a string of oaths. 'Put him out, I tell with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with the rest;' and when some one said he was dying any way, said the surgeon with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with the rest;' and when some one said he was dying any way, said the surgeon with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with the rest;' and when some one said he was dying any way, said the surgeon with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with the rest;' and when some one said he was dying any way, said the surgeon with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with the rest;' and when some one said he was dying any way, said the surgeon with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell with the rest;' and when some one said he was dying any way, said the surgeon way in the said he was dying any way, was distinguished the said he was dying any way, was distinguished the said he was dying any way, was distinguished the said he was dying any way. God to take him, but because it pleases you to starte him. We have no wood to make a fire, no food to give him, unless it is this stramin is his face, he lookeso paceful-like; surap of meal which he cannot swallow; but you can save him, and will, if you are a wan and have a man's heart under that a no one knows betther than meself."

Indeed, Corny's gratitude never grew lodeed, Corny's gratitude never grew cold. Few sentences of his that did not end like the one just quoted, in eulogiums on "Musther Taloott." If Drake was busy with his cathedral, there sat Cerny, a few paces distant, hacking at Jeff. Davis. If Drake, who had resolved himself into a sort of duodecime edition of the Samtary Complex was about his work of marky, there

his hope perhaps higher, but he had grown perceptibly weak and languid; and there were days—many, alas!—when he lay quietly on the ground, giving an occasional lazy touch to his cathedral, while Corny, as he laughingly said ruled in his stead.

It was on one of these days that there arose a sudden stir and commotion throughout the camp, a deep and jayful hum that went from mouth to mouth; and men were already past; there came upen him a territant of the strength of the same and sudden stir and commotion throughout the camp, a deep and jayful hum that went from mouth to mouth; and men were already past; there came upen him a territant of the same upen h

aiready past; there came upen him a terrible threatening of days to come, yet worse
without hope or relief, unless at the dead
line. He rose, staggering, and with a wild
and desperate look that startled Corny.

"Fur the Lord's sake, wud ye deethroy
yerself?" cried the faithful fellow, throwing
his arms about him to hold him fast. 'Och,
honey ye're a heretic, and the geod Lord's
a Catholic; but thin He made us all, and He
has pity on the poor crathur that's sufferin has pity on the poor crathur that's sufferin' here or His heart's harder nor Corny's; the

here or His heart's harder nor Corny's; the saints fergiv me for such a spach! Pray, Musther Talcott, pray'—
"Pray!" exclaimed Drake; "is there a Ged looking down here?" and dropping on his knees, he gasped out,—
"O God! if Thou dost yet hear, save me from going mad!" and fell forward at Corny's

feet, senseless, He was carried to the hospital, and lay there weeks, lost in the delirium of fever, and every morning there peered in at the inner door of the stockade a huge shock of

hair, and a red, anxious face, with,—

"The top of the mornin' to ye, doether, and it's ashamed I am to be afther throublin' ye so often: but will yer honor place to tell me how Musther Talcott is the day?" and having preceived desired information, Corny would take himself off with blessings on 'his bonor, that had consideration of the feelins' of a poor Irishman."

One morning there was a change in the programme.
"I have good news for you, Corny," said
the kindly decter. "Talcott is out of danger."
"Hurray! and the saints be praised fur

at!" shouted Corny, cutting a caper.
"But I have better news for you yet," continued the doctor, watching Corny closely. "His name is on the list of exchanged prisoners, and he will be sent home on Thursday

mext. Corny's face fell. "Is he, henor?" very hesitatingly; and then suddenly clearing up. "and hurra fur that too! and I'm an engrateful baste to be sorry that he's to be clear of this hole, -bad scran to it!—and long life till him, and a blessin' go wid him! and if'—cheking— "we don't mate on earth, sure, the Lord won't kape him foriver in purgatory, and he so kind and feelin' for the sick.'

The doctor could not suppress a laugh at this limited hope.

"But, Corny, what if you are to be sent home tee?"

'Me?—and was it me yer honor was sayin? Och, hiven bless ye furthat word! and it's not laughin' at me is yer honor? Sure ye'd niver have the heart to chate a poor boy like that! All the saints be praised! I'am a man agin, and not a starvin' machine; and I shall see ye, Mary, mavourseen! but och, the poor boys that we're lavin! Hurm! howiver will I ate three males a day, and slape under a blanket, and think of thim on the ground, and starvin' by inches!"

During the remainder of his stay, Corny

balanced between joy and his selfishness in being joyful, in a manner sufficiently ludicrous-breaking out one mement in the most extravagant demonstrations, to be twitched from it the next by a penitential spasm. As for Drake, hardly yet clear of the shadows that haunted his fever, he but mistily comprehended the change that was before him; and it will require weeks and perhaps months of home-nursing and watch-ing before body and mind can win back their former strength and tene.

#### Encancious Prayer.

How many times do people utter what is a virtual prayer without being aware of it! There is a tract entitled "The Swearer's "rayer," which shows that profane oathe and curses involve a prayer for the infliction of God's wrath on one's self or on others. But the same is true of those more benevolent salutations which are so happily inter-

changed among friends and acquaintances.
"A happy New Year." We call it a "A happy New Year." We call it a wish. But a wish for that which so have no power to confer of course regard some one who has the power. Who of us can as-sure our dearest friend of a happy year?— There is only One who can. We then express in this form of words a desire that our friends may eajny during the new year the favor of God. This is a virtual prayer, one indirectly expressed. The same is true of such words and phranes as "Farewall," "Good-merning," and the like. They are invecations of the blessing of a good journey, or a happy day, etc., -invocations which can be answered and made good to the objects of them by the mercy of God

But if such wishes are expressed without any thought of God. what is their character? Are they invocations of chance or fortune? Or are they tossed about as general expressions of good will, formulas of friendship, without any more definite sig-nification in the minds of those who use

The Quakers have objected to some of these phrases on account of the insincurity involved in their frequent use. But it seems to us, not that we should cease to use them but that we should use them rightly. The feelings they express are proper feelings. We ought to desire the happiness and pros perity of others, and to show that we do. -We ought to feel that God only can make them happy and prosperous, and our wishes to that effect should have the spirit of true prayer .- | Christian Watchman

DON'T TAKE THE PAPER -The Lawrence Journal gives a striking illustration of the man who does not take his county paper.—
He called at the Commissioners' office in New Castle, a few days ago, to get his interest on a \$250, County Bend. He failed in getting it, the Commissioners having advertised for the bonds about six months since, and if not presented for payment the interest would cease. This individual did not take a payer, and none of his neighbors. not take a paper, and none of his neighbors told him, consequently he lost the interest and: "You might rell England through it, on \$250 forsix menths, amounting to \$7.50, almost enough to pay for the Journal four years. Severed him right.

An Irishman, in describing America, said: "You might rell England through it, and it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside that ye might droun Ould Ireland in; and as for

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavering to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed, "I believe I shall never get them on till I have wern them a day or

#### ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. Official War Buleting,

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 4-11 P. M. Major Gen. Dix: The following telegram from General Grant has just reached this Department. At what heur to-day it left him does not appear, but probably in the

No details of the casualties have been recoived, but it is expected that to-morrow a statement will be obtained.

Official information has been received that the report of General Custer being killed is not true. He was unharmed late this afternoon. Signed E. M. STANTON.

WILSON STATION, Va., April 4. E. M. Stanton: The army is pushing forward, in hope of our taking or

forward, in hope of our taking or dispersing the remainder of Lee's army. Sheridan's cavalry and the 5th corps, are between this and the Appomatex. Gen. Meade and the 2d and 6th corps, are following.

Gen. Ord is following the line of the Southside railroad. All the enemy that retains anything like organization, have gone North of the Appomattox, and are apparently heading for Lynchburg. Their looses have been vary heavy. The houses through the country are nearly all used as Hospitals for wounded.

Hospitals for wounded.
In every direction I hear of rebel soldiers pushing for home; some is large, some in small squads, and generally without arms. The cavalry pursued so closely, that the en-emy have been forced to destrey, probably, the greater part of their transportation, caiseons and munitions of war. The number of prisoners exptured yesterday exceeds 2,000. From the 28th of March to the present time our loss in killed, wounded and captured will not probably reach 7,000. of whom from 1.500 to 2,000 were captured and many but slightly wounded. I shall continue the pursuit as long as there appears in it any hops of success.
[Signed] U. S. GRANT,

Lioutenant General. WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 6-Noen.-Gen, Dix: The following telegram announces the probable speedy destruction of Gen. Lee's army, if our troops get up to support Sheridan who has headed off the enemy.

E. M. STANTON, Sec'y of War. (Signed)

P. M. - To Hom. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: - Gen. Grant received the tollowing despatch at 6:30 P. M., while on his way to this point, and at once proceeded to Gen. Sheridan's headquarters. Gen. Grant desired me to transmit the dispatch at this place, and to say that the 6th corps. without denbt, reached Gen. Sheridan's posiout denbt, reached Gen. Sheridan's posi-tion within an hour or two after the dis-patch was written. Two divisions of the 24th corps will encamp here to-night, and one division of the 25th corps, at Black and White Station, on the Southside Railroad. (Signed)

S. WILLIAMS.

Brig. General. HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY, GETTERS-VILLE, April 5.-Lt. Gen. U. S. Grant: I send you the enclosed letter, which will give you an idea of the condition of the enemy and their whereabouts. I sent Gen. Davis' brigade around this morning on my left flank. He captured at Farmers' Cross Roads five pieces of artillery, about 200 wagons, eight or nine battle flags and a

I wish you were here youself. I feel con- gratification and astonishment. Virginia, if we exert ourselves. I see no ing, and the water still wet. That's an out on our left flank, except McKenzie, who

is now on the right. (Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN, Maj. Gen.

The Way the News was Received at Washington Last Monday. The news of the fall of Richmond came

upon the people shortly after breakfast, and at the time when all were awaiting for the official bulletins that should announce a renewal of the fighting. It ran from mouth to mouth and from street to street, and within ten minutes the whole town was out, and, for a wonder, Washington was in a state of genuine old fashioned excitement, such as it has not experienced since the memorable second Bull Run fight. The Freasury Department first caught the in-Gen. Spinner heard the good news, get out the drummers of the Treasury Guard regiment, and had in a moment

the whole force, 2,000 strong, chaoring till the reof seemed in danger.

Moanwhile the War Department clerks get waked up, and applied to Stanton for excuse from duty. Stanton's reply was characteristic: "If the clerks don't know enough to take such a holiday for them-

selves. I nity them."
In the Interior Department the clerks heard the news almost simultaneously, and all rushing into the long corridors that run around the buildings, raised a cheer that roused the whole section of the town. The Commissioner of Patents was first called out, and made a few remarks. Next the Secretary of the Land Office. Then the whole body of clerks united in singing "Rally round the flag, boys." By this time the streets were thronged with clerks, citizens and strangers, crowding

to the War Department. Stanton was call ad out and made a few remarks, after which the crowd sang "Rally round the Flag," and cheered until they were hourse. Presently Secretary Stanton

again at the upper window, and after prolonged efforts ebtained a cessation of the shouts, while he read Weitzel's dispatch announcing the secupation of Richmond .-After each sentence the cheers burst ont afresh, utterly irreparable. The sentence saying that the enemy left in great baste. was greeted with tumultuous and derisive laughter, and that, saying Richmond was on fire, with cheers louder than ever before. When it was said that "efforts were being made to put it out." they eried, "let it burn!" "let it burn!" When a moment afterwards the enthusiasm of the inhabitants, at the entrance of our treops was mentioned, they burst out "all right;" put it out!" "put it out."

Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, and ye'd never be able to find it out except, it might be by the smell of whisky."

TRRES OF ASTRRES

Jeff, Davis's Valedictory Procin-mation of April 1st. Whereas, In the course of inhumas Yan-kee events the espital of the Cenfederate States of America no louyer affects an cligible and healthy residence for the memcligible and healthy residence for the members of the present cabnet, not to speak of the chief magistrate himself, the Vice-President, and the members of the two congressional bodies. I do therefore by virtue of the power vested in my two hasls, proclaim my intention to travel instanter, in company with all the officers of the Confederate States government, and to take up such agreeable quarters as may yet be Granted unto me.

ed unto me. To such persons as are in arms against the Confederate States of America, I do hereby tender absolute amnesty on condition that they forthwith desist from anneying our patriotic population.
Under the circumstances, slavery had

better be abolished. The capital of the Cofederacy will hence-forward be found "up a stump," on the pisturesque banks of the celebrated "Last Ditch."

To the fereignisubscribers to the Confederate loan I return sincere thanks.

Major General Graut. U. S. A., will please see that they get their cotton.

All persons having claims against this

government will please present them to A. Lincoln. Richmond, by whom all such accounts will be cheerfully audited. It is not altogether improbable that the clorious experiment of a siaveholders' confederacy may yet preve a delusion and a snare. I have often thought so. So has Gen. Lee, who has lately been fighting mostly for his last year's salary. The confederate treasury being light, I think I will take it in my value. Gen. Lee thinks that we have a good open-

ing before us, and that we have seen the last of this fratricidal war. I hope so. Stephens thinks peace more imminent than ever. If the United States persists in refusing to recognize the confederacy, on my return I shall again urge the arming of the negroes. Office-seekers are respectfully solicited to cease their importunatings. Fellow citizens, farewell.

J. DAVIS, zons, ferewell.

President Confederate States of America.

Done at Richmond, April 1, 1865.

"Travels Like Pisen." The electric telegraph is bound to remain mystery to the million, and the ludiereus JUNCTION SOUTHSIDE AND DASVILLE some of the most ignorant people Burnerion Burnerion Southern Va., April 5. 10 formed, are as myrth-provoking as anything out of Rabelias or Smollet. The last illustrated burnerious formed as fallen under our eyes

is the following story: Not long since an old lady entered the through the ceiling.
"Does that go to Wheeling?" inquired

the old lady. "Yes, ma'am," answered the elerk. "I never was there," continued she, "but it hardly seems possible that their town lies in that direction. When will I get the answer ?

"I can scarcely tell ma'em; it may be two or three hours. The old lady went away, and returned in exactly two hours. Just as she entered the

the ceiling. "There is the answer, ma'am," said the number of priseners. The 2d army corps is ope in her hands, with a smile of mingled The old lady took the nest yellow envel-

fident of capturing the army of Northern Bless my heart; all the way from Wheel-

### pison.

The Great Victory in Connecticut.

[From the N. Y. Tribune, Shinst.] The additional election returns which we publish this merning from Connecticut shew that the defeat of the Democracy was as complete as that of Lee at Petersburg. In comparing the returns for 1864 and 1865, it will be found that there are hardly buil a dozen towns in the entire State where the Democrats have not lost ground. The Republicans have elected not only each of the four Members of Congress, but each of the 21 State Senators. They have about 2,000 majerity in New London County, 2,100 in Windham, 1,900 in Bartford, 1,750 in Telland, 1.016 in New Haven, 800 in Middlesex, total about 9.500 majerity in six counties, which Fairfield and Litchfield swell to

nearly 10,800. The completeness of the Republican vietory will best appear if we compare the elecceding years. In 1864 Gov. Backingham had a majority of 5,658; in 1863, 2,601; 1862, 9.148; in 1961, 2.086. In 1860 Lincoln carried the State by a majority of 10.-292 over the combined vote of the three

rival candidates.

The Second Congressional District which two years ago elected a Democrat (English), by 1.030 majority, now gives Deming, Re-publican, a majority of 2,449.

Well Said and Truthful.

The New York Times give utterance to the following concerning General Grant: That grim patience and almost sublime self-forgetfulness which has kept him for so many months on a slow. wearisome, com-paratively unbrilliant task of holding Lee and his army as in a vice in Virginia, while his subordinates made the brilliant marches and won the easy victories, are something not much admired by the crowd, but which history will never forget or cease to celebrate. It is the union of these patient and self contained qualities with the highest dash and daring-it is the exhibition of the most remarkable, energy and sagacity in seizing the opportune mement for the execution his purpose—it is the combination in his intellect of an all-comprehensive vision with the most excaordinary power of ec-ordination which have already placed Gen. Grant in a foremost position among the great military leaders of all ages.

In the beginning of the war a general regret was expressed that we had 'no great men." The foremest men of the world to day, are President Lincoln. Chief Justice Chase, W. H. Seward, Edwin M. Stanton. General Grant, General Sherman, General Thomas, and Vice Admiral Farragut.

SAYS A. Ward: "You ma differ as much as you pleaze about the stile up a young lady's figger, but I tell you, confidentially, if she has forty thousand dollars, the figger is about as near rite as you can get is."